



TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

10c
No.8

ERIE



The MONSTER of
ZOLLMORT CASTLE
The SONG of the
UNDEAD
The PHANTOM
PYTHON

EERIE

STARK HORROR GRIPPED THEM!

BREATHING SMOKE AND FIRE,
AND ADRIPI WITH MOLTEN LAVA,
THE **MENACING MONSTER**
FROM THE WORLD BELOW
CRAWLED OUT OF HIS PIT!
"THE MONSTER OF
ZOLLMORT
CASTLE!"



NOTHING COULD ESCAPE THE **HORRIBLE, RIPPING FANGS!** THE BEAST WAS A **GRUESOME, NIGHT-MARISH TERROR** FROM ANOTHER AGE! JON NORLAND HAD HUNTED ALL KINDS OF CREATURES, BUT HE FOUND THAT BULLETS MADE BY HUMANS COULD NOT STOP...

"THE CURSE OF THE BULAGA!"



SECRET
RAYMOND
KINSTER
1952

EERILY, LIKE MUSIC FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THE MAGIC NOTES HUNG IN THE AIR! DOROTHY AND JOHN BLAIK SHIVERED AS THEY WATCHED THE **STRANGE, EVIL-LOOKING VAMPIRE GIRL** SING THE...
"SONG OF THE UNDEAD!"



VOODOO DRUMS BEAT THROUGH THE BLACK AFRICAN NIGHT! THEY CALLED TO LIFE A **SLITHERING CREATURE** THAT MADE MEN'S BLOOD RUN COLD! HALF SERPENT, HALF SEDUCTIVE WOMAN, SHE LURED THEM INTO HER POWER AND THEN **CRUSHED THEM** IN THE POWERFUL COILS OF...
"THE PHANTOM PYTHON!"



HERE WAS EVIL IN THE OLD RUINS...A NAMELESS, BURKING TERROR WHOSE DARK SECRET WOULD HAVE BEST BEEN LEFT UNDISTURBED! BUT PETER FLETCHER FELT IT A CHALLENGE, NEVER REALIZING THAT HIS CURIOSITY WAS TO LEAD ALONG THE PATH OF HORROR TO...

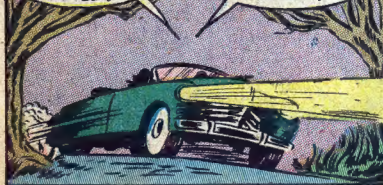
THE MONSTER OF ZOLLMORT CASTLE



ALONG A NARROW DIRT ROAD IN CENTRAL EUROPE, A YOUNG AMERICAN AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE SPEED TOWARD THEIR DESTINATION...

THINK OF IT, ALICE--A REAL MEDIEVAL CASTLE JUST FOR THE TWO OF US. IT'LL MAKE A PERFECT BACKGROUND FOR MY NEW NOVEL!

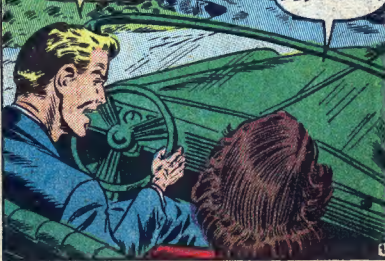
I SHOULD BE ANGRY AT YOU FOR KEEPING IT A SECRET, PETER--BUT SINCE YOU BOUGHT IT AS A SURPRISE FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY, I SUPPOSE I CAN'T OBJECT!



MINUTES LATER...

THERE SHE IS, HONEY--ZOLLMORT CASTLE! WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW?

I-I'M NOT SO SURE. MAYBE IT'S THE POOR LIGHT, BUT IT LOOKS SO GRIM--AND DESOLATE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, INSIDE THE ANCIENT CASTLE'S MAIN HALL...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, ALICE--BUT DON'T LET THE FIRST IMPRESSION GET YOU! THERE'S A VILLAGE NEARBY, AND IN THE MORNING I'LL GET SOME HELP TO CLEAN THINGS UP!

IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE APPEARANCE, PETER... I-IT'S SOMETHING ELSE...



I HAVE THE STRANGEST FEELING, PETER--AS THOUGH WE'VE BEEN WATCHED FROM THE VERY FIRST MOMENT WE ENTERED!

YOU'RE JUST TIRED, DARLING. THE TRIP AND ALL THE EXCITEMENT HAVE WORN YOU DOWN!



THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US, HONEY, BELIEVE ME! AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, YOU'LL FEEL ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT!



THE NEXT MORNING, AS ALICE AWAKENS FROM A FITFUL SLEEP...

THAT HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! I--PETER!--PETER, WHERE ARE YOU? PETER!

I'M HERE, ALICE... COMING!



I WAS SO FRIGHTENED TO FIND YOU GONE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

EXPLORING! AND JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND! IT'S IN ONE OF THE LOWER VAULTS! YOU'VE GOT TO COME DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE SHADY DEPTHS OF THE LOWER VAULT...

WHY, IT'S SOME KIND OF MEDIEVAL **TORTURE CHAMBER!** --AND THAT DOOR! ... WHY IS IT BLOCKED OFF?

I DON'T KNOW, ALICE, BUT THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO BREAK IN!



SUDDENLY...

NO! YOU MUSTN'T! ... NOT IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES!

WHA-?!

OHH!



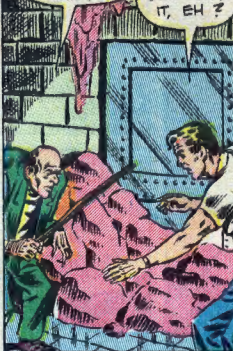
WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I AM QUADRO-- AN OLD CARE-TAKER WHO MEANS NO HARM, BUT ONLY GOOD! HEED MY WARNING AND LEAVE HERE AT ONCE!



BEHIND THAT DOOR LIES THE EVIL HANDIWORK OF MY FORMER MASTER, BARON ZOLLMORT! HE WAS THE DEVIL'S OWN PARTNER, BUT HE PAID FOR HIS BLACK PRACTISES AND HIS UNHOLY ART! HIS BONES ROT IN PERDITION--DO NOT ADD YOURS TO HIS!

SO THAT'S IT, EH?



NOW, GET THIS! CLEAR OUT OF HERE! SHOW YOUR FACE ON MY PROPERTY AGAIN, AND I'LL GO ROUGH ON YOU! UNDERSTAND?

AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND, AS YOU WISH! BUT YOU MAY REGRET YOUR FOOL-HARDYNESS YET!



WHEN QUADRO LEAVES...

I'M WORRIED, PETER! THE THINGS HE SAID! WHAT KIND OF EVIL COULD HE MEAN?

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT HIS MIND IS GONE, DARLING? THAT RUBBISH HE FED US PROVES IT!



BUT I'M STILL CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR! THESE BLOCKS ARE PRETTY MASSIVE, BUT DYNAMITE WOULD DO THE TRICK!

NO, PETER! FORGET THE WHOLE THING! PLEASE! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CHILLS!



LISTEN TO REASON, ALICE! THERE'S NOTHING BEHIND THAT DOOR THAT COULD HARM US, BUT I AM CURIOUS! MAYBE IT'S THE WRITER IN ME THAT DEMANDS SATISFACTION, BUT I WON'T REST UNTIL I KNOW!

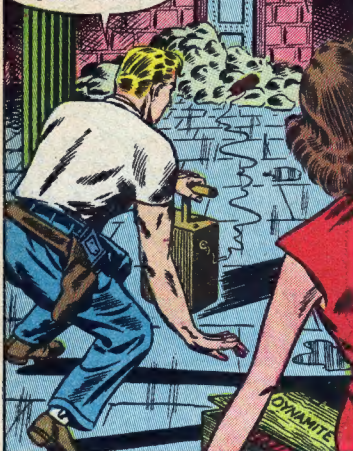
ALL RIGHT, PETER, I-I SEE THERE'S NO STOPPING YOU...



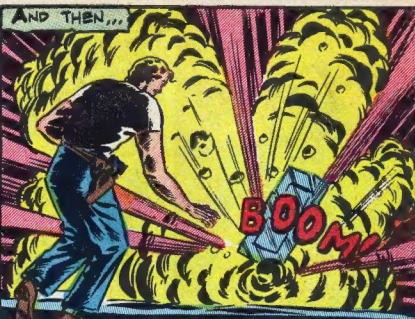
TWO DAYS LATER, WHEN THE DYNAMITE ARRIVES, PETER WASTES NO TIME IN SETTING UP THE CHARGE...

IT'S ALL SET, HONEY! KEEP BACK--IN ANOTHER SECOND WE'LL BLAST THAT DOOR AS WELL AS QUADRO'S RIDICULOUS STORY!

WELL, I'M JUST AS GLAD THAT YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR GUN!



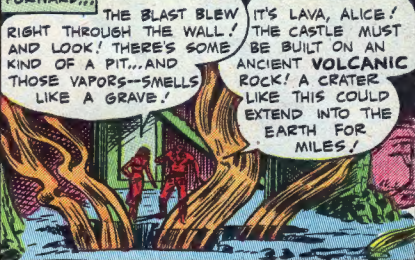
AND THEN...



AS THE BLAST DIES AWAY, THEY CAUTIOUSLY STEP FORWARD...

THE BLAST BLEW RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL! AND LOOK! THERE'S SOME KIND OF A PIT...AND THOSE VAPORS--SMELLS LIKE A GRAVE!

IT'S LAVA, ALICE! THE CASTLE MUST BE BUILT ON AN ANCIENT VOLCANIC ROCK! A CRATER LIKE THIS COULD EXTEND INTO THE EARTH FOR MILES!



SUDDENLY...

PETER--LOOK! SOMETHING'S COMING OUT OF THE PIT! IT--

GOOD HEAVENS! N-NO!!



THEN, IN ALL ITS UGLINESS, A SLOBBERING FORM EMERGES!

GROWRR!!

RUN, ALICE! RUN!



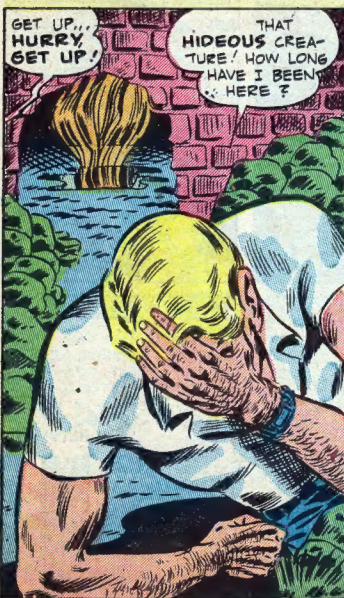
BUT AS THEY DASH OUT...

PETER! I'M FALLING!

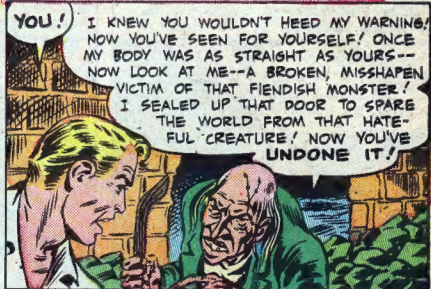




HOURS LATER, AS PETER EMERGES FROM A GREY UNCONSCIOUSNESS...



THEN AS PETER STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET...





SUDDENLY, A SMALL, HUNCHED FIGURE FLASHES FORWARD --A SMOLDERING, SPITTING, BUNDLE IN HIS HAND!

IT'S QUADRO!
HE'S GOT A BUNDLE OF THE DYNAMITE!
HE'LL BE BLOWN TO--



AND JUST AS QUADRO REACHES THE HUGE BEAST...



WHEN THE REVERBERATIONS SLOWLY DIE AWAY...

HE'S DEAD, PETER! HE- HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR OURS!

NOT ENTIRELY, DARLING! IT WAS QUADRO'S WAY OF AVENGING WHAT THE MONSTER HAD DONE TO HIM!



AND, AS ALICE IS RELEASED FROM HER BONDS...

WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE REAL STORY... THAT MONSTER COULD'VE COME FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, OR IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE SPAWN OF BARON ZOLLMORT'S EVIL DOINGS! WHO WOULD BELIEVE OUR STORY?

NO ONE, I'M AFRAID... BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS LONG AS WE'RE BOTH ALIVE!



50

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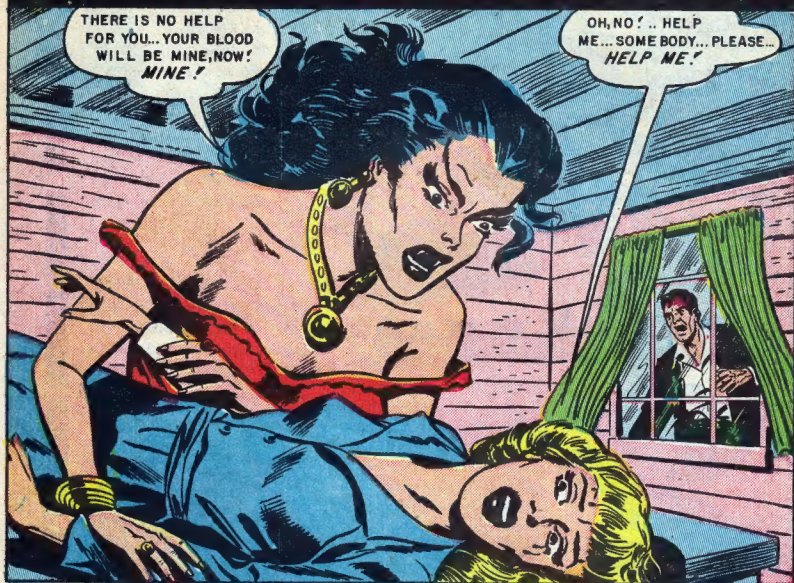
RIFLEMEN

JEES



STARK HORROR FACED JOHN AND DOROTHY BLAIK WHEN THEY TAMPERED WITH THE LEGENDS OF THE PAST !THEY THOUGHT THE STORIES THEY HEARD WERE MERELY SUPERSTITION, AND THEY LAUGHED...UNTIL THEY BROUGHT TERROR WITH THE...

SONG of the UNDEAD !



THERE IS NO HELP
FOR YOU...YOUR BLOOD
WILL BE MINE,NOW!
MINE !

OH,NO? .. HELP
ME... SOME BODY... PLEASE...
HELP ME !

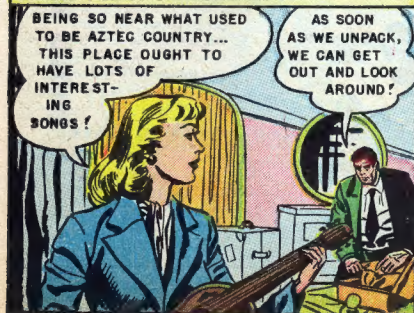
JOHN AND DOROTHY BLAIK WERE INTERESTED IN COLLECTING MEXICAN FOLK SONGS,AND HAD TRAVELLED DEEP INTO THE INTERIOR,TO THE VERY REMOTE VILLAGE OF AYUTALAN...

BEING SO NEAR WHAT USED
TO BE AZTEC COUNTRY...
THIS PLACE OUGHT TO
HAVE LOTS OF
INTEREST-
ING
SONGS !

AS SOON
AS WE UNPACK,
WE CAN GET
OUT AND LOOK
AROUND !

SEÑOR...
RAMON IS OUTSIDE,
WAITING TO SEE
YOU !

GOOD ! WE'LL
BE RIGHT THERE !





RAMON WAS THE HEAD OF THE VILLAGE, AND HAD PROMISED TO HELP THEM... WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, RAMON?

TO AN OLD WOMAN WHO KNOWS ALL OF THE OLD SONGS...

WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THEN CAME THE FIRST HINT OF HORROR...

WAIT... THAT GIRL... SHE IS EVIL... ONE OF THE UNDEAD ONES WHO PREY ON HUMAN BLOOD!

SOUNDS LIKE A TYPICAL VAMPIRE LEGEND! WHY DON'T YOU GET RID OF HER...?

XATL CAN DO NO HARM TO ANY MORTAL UNLESS HE SINGS THE SONG OF THE UNDEAD! IF HE SINGS THIS SONG... HE IS DOOMED!

AS SOON AS THEY COULD, THEY MADE SOME EXCUSE TO GET AWAY FROM RAMON, AND...

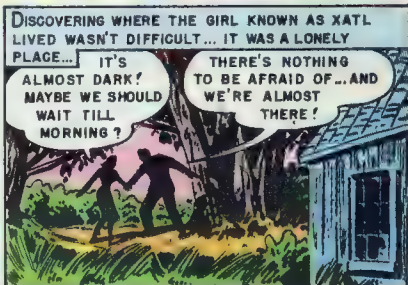
FUNNY HOW THESE OLD SUPERSTITIONS LAST! IMAGINE... STILL BELIEVING IN SUCH THINGS AS VAMPIRES!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THAT SONG HE MENTIONED! LET'S LOOK FOR THAT GIRL AND HAVE A TALK WITH HER!

DISCOVERING WHERE THE GIRL KNOWN AS XATL LIVED WASN'T DIFFICULT... IT WAS A LONELY PLACE...

IT'S ALMOST DARK! MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT TILL MORNING?

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF... AND WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



JOHN, I KEEP THINKING SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL HAPPEN!

NONSENSE... I'M NOT TURNING BACK NOW!



THIS WAS THE MOMENT TO TURN BACK...TO
AVOID THE NIGHTMARE THAT WAS TO FOLLOW!
AND THEN...IT WAS TOO LATE...

COME IN! IT HAS
BEEN SO LONG
SINCE I HAVE
HAD VISITORS!



JOHN SHRUGGED OFF HIS
FEARS AND EXPLAINED WHY
THEY CAME...

THE SONG? I WOULD BE
GLAD TO SING IT FOR YOU...
THE VILLAGERS ARE
AFRAID OF THEIR OWN
SHADOWS!

PLEASE
SING!



STRANGE SOUNDS FILLED
THE EERIE ROOM AND...

I SEE THAT YOU WERE
WRITING IT DOWN...SING
IT FOR ME, NOW...

WELL,
I...

NO,
DOROTHY...
DON'T!



SOME SIXTH
SENSE WARNED
JOHN TO PRE-
VENT DOROTHY
FROM SINGING
THE STRANGE
SONG...XATL
BECAME
ENRAGED...

IT IS NOT FOR
YOU TO SAY
WHO SHALL
SING MY
SONG!

HEAD FOR THE
DOOR...SHE'S
GONE WILD!



GET OUT!
GET OUT
OF HERE!

HURRY!
THERE'S SOME-
THING WRONG
WITH HER...



IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEXT DAY,
THEIR FEARS SEEMED FOOLISH
... THAT AFTER-
NOON THEY HAD A VISITOR...

WELL, HAVE
YOU FOUND
ANY NEW
SONGS?

YES, RAMON,
COME IN AND
I'LL PLAY
IT FOR
YOU...



AND AS DOROTHY PLAYED...

DO YOU
LIKE IT?

IT...IT IS
TERRIBLE! THAT
IS THE SONG OF
THE UNDEAD!





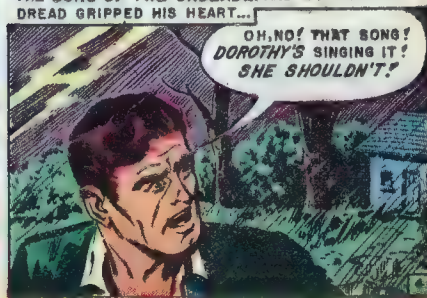
NEWS TRAVELLED QUICKLY IN THE SMALL VILLAGE, AND...



RAGING AGAINST THE RAGING TROPICAL STORM, THEY HURRIED TO THE HUT OF XATL! AS THEY ENTERED...



THEN, ONCE AGAIN, JOHN HEARD THE STRANGE SONG... THE SONG OF THE UNDEAD... AND A NAMELESS DREAD GRIPPED HIS HEART...





I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK...
SOMETHING'S
WRONG...

AS HE REACHED
THE HOUSE, HE
FOUND HIMSELF
FACE TO FACE
WITH-----
HORROR!



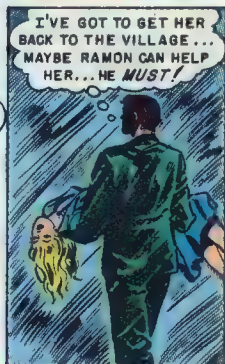
XATL!!

HA-HA-HA HA!

EVIL LIVED IN THE
LAUGH, AND WHEN
JOHN BLAIK ENTERED
THE HUT. . .



DOROTHY!
NO... NO!



I'VE GOT TO GET HER
BACK TO THE VILLAGE...
MAYBE RAMON CAN HELP
HER... HE MUST!

BUT WHEN RAMON SAW THE LIFE-
LESS BODY... SAW THE MARKS ON
HER THROAT... HE KNEW...!

IT'S TOO LATE!
SHE SANG THE
SONG OF THE
UNDEAD AND
HAS BEEN
BITTEN! SHE IS
LOST... ONE OF
THE UNDEAD
HERSELF!

NO! IT...
IT CAN'T
BE!!



RAMON WENT TO GET SOME
OF THE OTHER VILLAGERS...
TO HELP BURY THE CORPSE
THAT HAD BEEN DOROTHY BLAIK
AND JOHN... ALONE WITH HIS
WIFE'S BODY...



SHE CAN'T BE
DEAD! THERE MUST
BE SOME WAY I CAN
BRING HER BACK!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

THE SONG OF THE UNDEAD!
IT'S SUPPOSED TO CALL
BACK THE DEAD! MAYBE IF I
SING IT... DOROTHY WILL
SING AGAIN!





A FEW SECONDS LATER...



BUT THE MEN DIDN'T NOTICE THE LITTLE BOY WHO LAGGED BEHIND...



THE ALCHEMIST

In the year 1720 there lived in a turreted house at North and Essex Streets, in Salem, a silent, dark-visaged man, reputedly a chemist. He gathered strange herbs in the fields, and queer parcels and vials came and went between him and learned doctors in Boston. But whispers around the old town said that it was not drugs alone that he worked with, nor medicines for the curing of sickness that he distilled.

The watchman, drowsily pacing the streets in the small hours, often saw his shadow move across the glare in his tower. And other shadows seemed to flit about — shadows that could be thrown by no tangible form, yet had an evil and grotesque likeness to the human kind.

Sometimes a clink of hammers and a hiss of steam were heard, and his neighbors devoutly hoped that if he secured the secret of the philosopher's stone or the universal solvent, it would be honestly come by.

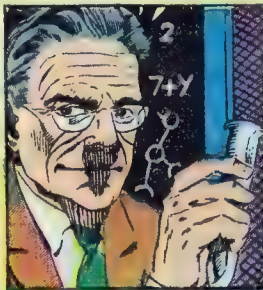
But it was neither gold nor the dangerous strong water that he wanted. It was *life*, the elixir that would dispel the chill and disintegration of age!

Day after day he explored the surrounding wilderness. Night after night he compounded the juices of its trees and plants. And after a thousand failures, at last he found the

ingredients he needed. But they were many, they were perishable, and they had to be distilled in five days, or fermentation and decay would set in.

At last he was ready! Gathering the herbs and piling his floor with fuel, he began his strange work alone. The furnace glowed, the retorts bubbled, and through their long throats trickled drops — golden, ruddy drops — that would be combined into the precious draught.

He had begun none too soon, for under the strain of anxiety he seemed to be aging fast. He took no sleep, except for naps in his chair, for if the fire died, his work would be spoiled. With heavy eyes and aching head he watched his furnace and listened to the constant drip, drip of the precious liquor. On the fourth day, he knelt to stir his fire.



Its brightness made him blink, but its warmth felt so good that he lay down before it with elbow on the floor and head resting on his hand. How cheerily the logs hummed and crackled, yet how drowsily. How slow the hours were, how

dull the watch. Lower and lower sank his head, and heavier grew his eyes. At last he stretched out full length on the floor, and the long sleep of exhaustion began.

He was awakened by the sound of a bell. "The church bell!" he cried, starting up. "The people are going through the streets to meeting. How is this?"

He stared about him wildly. "The sun is in the east! My God! I have been asleep!"

With fear clutching like an icicle at his heart he bounded toward the furnace with a hoarse cry, "The furnace is cold! The elixir!"

Hastily he snatched up the retorts and blended the essences he had made. Though one or two of the ingredients were lacking he gulped it down anyway. A look of disgust came over his face.

"Taugh!" he exclaimed, "It is still unfinished. Perhaps I've spoiled it. I must begin again."

Taking his hat and coat he uttered a weary sigh and was about to open the door when his cheek blanched with pain. Sight seemed to leave him. The cry for help that rose to his lips was stifled in a terrible groan of agony. A look of hellish torture distorted his features as he groped for support. His writhing fingers grasped a shelf, ripping it loose from the wall and spilling its contents of bottles and retorts to the floor. An instant later he fell, twisted among their fragments. The elixir of life, unfinished, was an elixir of death!

Rocketman

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OF THIS
WORLD

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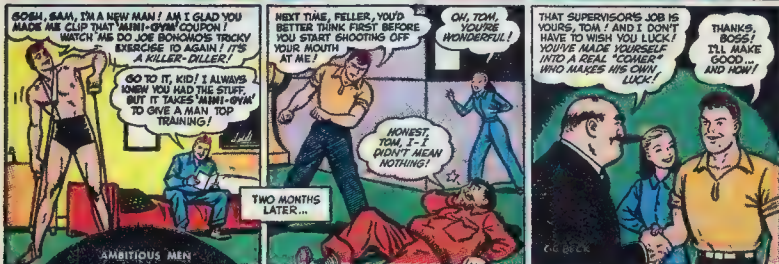
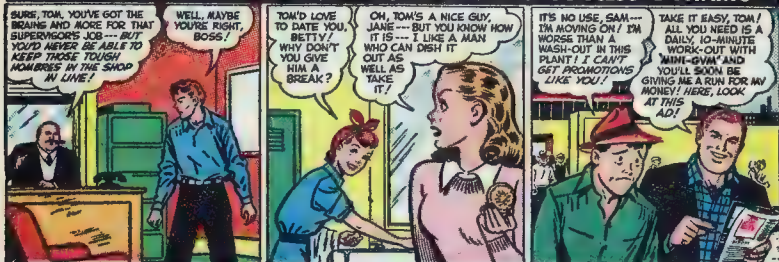
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in. tall

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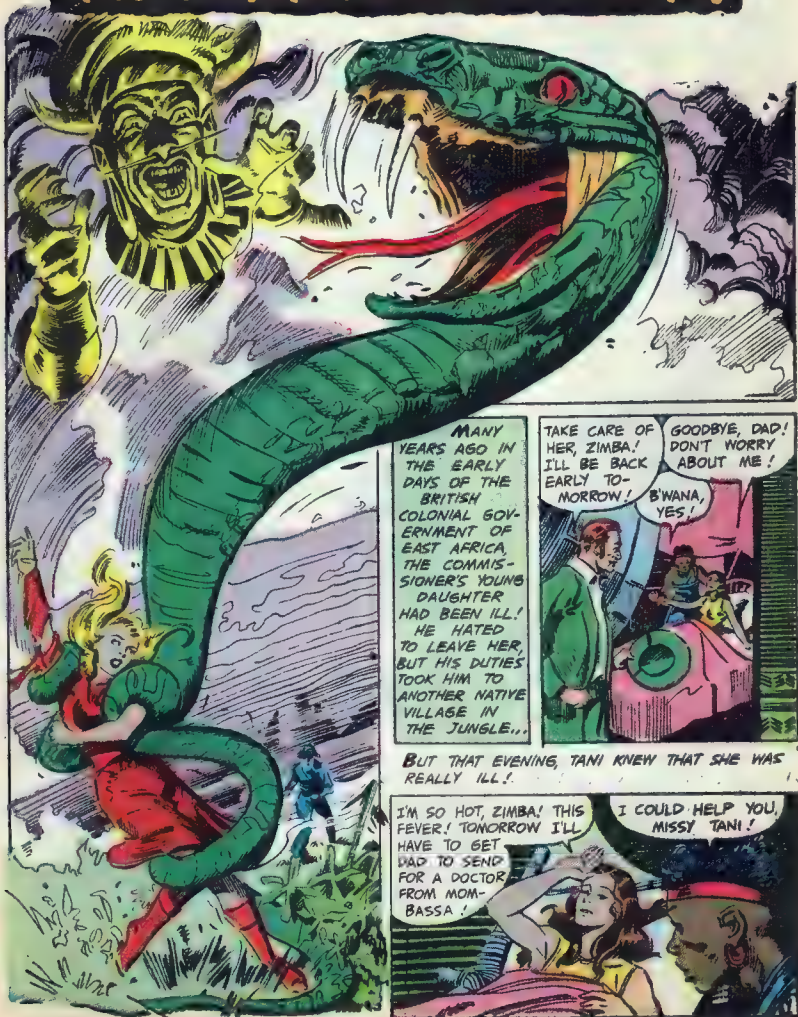
ZONE _____

STATE _____

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DARK ARE THE MYSTERIES OF AFRICA! INCOMPREHENSIBLE! AND TO THE WHITE MAN WHO WOULD DARE PROBE THEM, THEY ARE THINGS OF DEADLY DANGER! BUT NED RAYMOND DIDN'T THINK SO! HE THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION, IF YOU DUG INTO IT DEEP ENOUGH! AND SO HE DARED PROBE THE MYSTERY OF A BEAUTIFUL WHITE GIRL WHO WAS DEAD, AND THAT SLITHERING, GRUESOME THING THEY CALLED...

The PHANTOM PYTHON!



MANY YEARS AGO IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL GOVERNMENT OF EAST AFRICA, THE COMMISSIONER'S YOUNG DAUGHTER HAD BEEN ILL! HE HATED TO LEAVE HER, BUT HIS DUTIES TOOK HIM TO ANOTHER NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE...

TAKE CARE OF HER, ZIMBA! I'LL BE BACK EARLY TOMORROW!

GOODBYE, DAD! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

B'WANA, YES!

BUT THAT EVENING, TANI KNEW THAT SHE WAS REALLY ILL!

I'M SO HOT, ZIMBA! THIS FEVER! TOMORROW I'LL HAVE TO GET DAD TO SEND FOR A DOCTOR FROM MOMBASSA!

I COULD HELP YOU, MISSY TANI!

WE HAVE A NYANGA ZIMBA! YOU HERE! IF I COULD KNOW TAKE YOU TO HIM, WITCH DOCTORS ARE FOR-SURELY HE WOULD CAST BIDDEN! MY FATHER OUT THE DEVIL-SPIRIT WOULD BE VERY ANGRY! YOUR NYANGA WOULD BE FROM YOU! PUNISHED!



BUT TANI WAS FEELING STEADILY WORSE! SO SHE LET ZIMBA LEAD HER TO THE OLD NYANGA, LOGANZI!



PERHAPS YOU HAVE SOME ENEMY, MY CHILD? HE HAS BROUGHT THIS ILLNESS UPON YOU? I SHOULD CAST IT OUT AND INTO HIM, PERHAPS?



I-I DON'T THINK I HAVE ANY ENEMY!

THEN I SHALL PLUCK OUT THE EVIL SPIRIT AND CAST HIM AWAY! YOU SHALL BE WELL, ALL IN GOOD TIME, MY CHILD! I GO NOW TO PREPARE MY MEDICINES!



OH! I DO HE WILL! HOPE YOU CAN HELP ME! YOU MUST BELIEVE HIM!

SOON THE OLD NYANGA RETURNED, CLAD IN HIS FULL REGALIA! HIS MEDICINES WERE READY! HIS BASKET WAS READY TO IMPRISON THE EVIL ONE!

HOLD STILL, MISSY TANI! SOON, THE DEVIL WILL FLEE FROM YOU!



OHH!

AYEE! AYEE!

BLACK SORCERY! FORBIDDEN WITCHCRAFT! ZIMBA HAD BEEN SENT AWAY, LEST THE EMERGING EVIL SPIRIT SEIZE HER FOR ITS NEXT ABODE! ON THE GROUND, TANI LAY, HER BODY COVERED WITH SACRED OIL, CONSUMED BY THE RAGING FEVER!



AYE! AYEYEE! COME OUT, EVIL ONE! COME OUT, THAT I MAY SEIZE YOU AND BURY YOU FOREVER! AYEYEE! AYEAYEEAA!



THE COMMISSIONER HAD BEEN WORRIED ABOUT TANI! DISPATCHING HIS BUSINESS IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE, HE WAS RETURNING AND WAS ATTRACTED BY THE WEIRD CEREMONY.

SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

IT'S-IT'S MY TANI! THAT WRETCHED LOGANZI'S BEEN PRACTISING HIS BLACK ARTS ON HER!



TANI DIED THE NEXT DAY! OLD LOGANZI HASTILY WAS TRIED, CONVICTED OF MURDEROUS WITCHCRAFT, AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH! AND AS HE DIED...



WANT TO SAY ANYTHING BEFORE YOU GO?

A CURSE ON ALL OF YOU! I TELL YOU NOW, THAT TANI SHALL LIVE AGAIN! --AND BE MY SLAVE, TO BRING VENGEANCE UPON ALL OF YOU!



BUT THE HANGMAN DIDN'T
LAUGH, WHEN, A WEEK LATER...



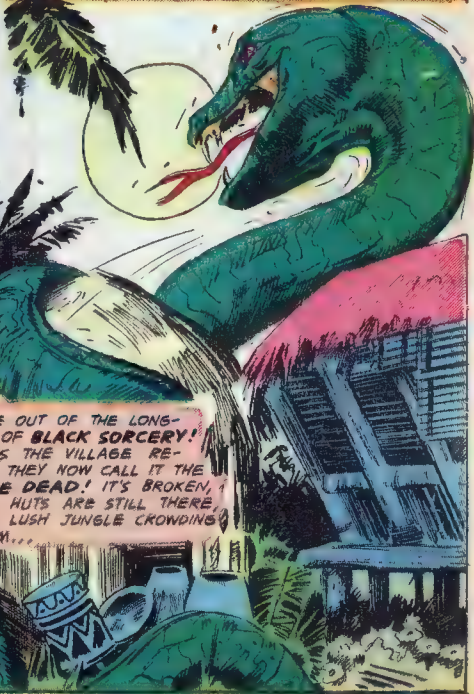
AND THAT EVENING, IN THE COM-
MISSIONER'S OFFICE...



ALL
THE
LITTLE
JUNGLE
VILLAGE
HEARD
THE COM-
MISSION-
ER'S
SCREAMS
AND
SAW HIM
BEING
CARRIED
AWAY
TO
HIS
DEATH!



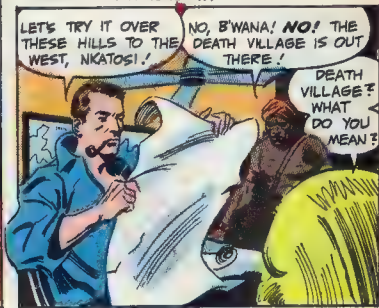
WEIRD, MONSTROUS REPTILE! IT CAME AGAIN
THE NEXT NIGHT--AND THE NEXT! NOW THE LITTLE
JUNGLE SETTLEMENT WAS DESERTED! OFFICIALS AND
NATIVES, ALL HAD FLED! A JUNGLE GHOST TOWN...
SILENT UNDER THE MOLTEN AFRICAN MOON...



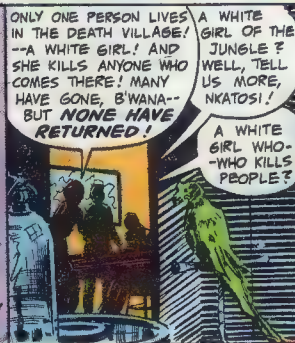
AND NOW
HERE IS NED
RAYMOND,
WEALTHY
YOUNG
SPORTSMAN.
WITH HIS
WIFE, BARBARA,
HE HAS
COME TO
EAST AFRICA
TO HUNT
BIG GAME!
HERE IN
MOMBASSA,
YOUNG NED
HIRES MASAI
BOYS TO
START FOR
THE
JUNGLE!



AND ONE EVENING, IN THE RAYMONDS' HOTEL ROOM AT MATABELE...



PERHAPS THE YOUNG MASAI HAS NEVER HEARD OF THE OLD SUPERSTITION OF THE PHANTOM PYTHON! THERE IS A MODERN TALE NOW--A PRESENT-DAY ACTUALITY! AND NKATOSI IS FRIGHTENED!



AND WHEN NED AND HIS WIFE WERE ALONE...

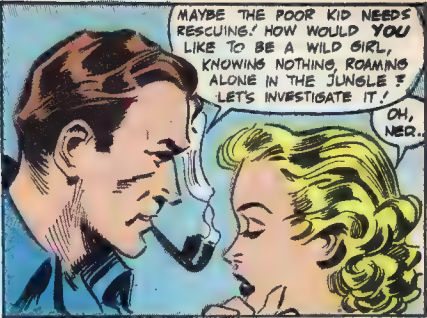
YOU KNOW, BABS, THERE MIGHT BE SUCH A GIRL! YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT LOST CHILDREN REARED IN THE JUNGLE BY BEASTS!

BUT, NED--



MAYBE THE POOR KID NEEDS RESCUING! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A WILD GIRL, KNOWING NOTHING, ROAMING ALONE IN THE JUNGLE? LET'S INVESTIGATE IT!

OH, NED..



BUT THEY WENT! FATUOUS WHITES, DARING TO PROBE THE DARK MYSTERIES OF THE JUNGLE! YOUNG RAYMOND BRIBED HIS MASAI BOYS, WHO RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO GO A LITTLE WAY! LATE THAT NEXT AFTERNOON...

VILLAGE DEATH--JUST OVER THAT RIDGE! B'WANA, WE GO NO FARTHER!

OF
OKAY, BOYS, YOU WAIT HERE! MRS. RAYMOND AND I-- WE'LL GO LOOK AROUND!



B'WANA! DO NOT DARE! NO! NO!

NED--NO! OH! I'M-- I'M SCARED NED!

DON'T BE SILLY! COME ON, BABS, IF SHE SEES YOU WITH ME, SHE'LL BE LESS FRIGHTENED!



AND PRESENTLY...

THE DEATH WOMAN! RUN! RUN!

YEOW! RUN!

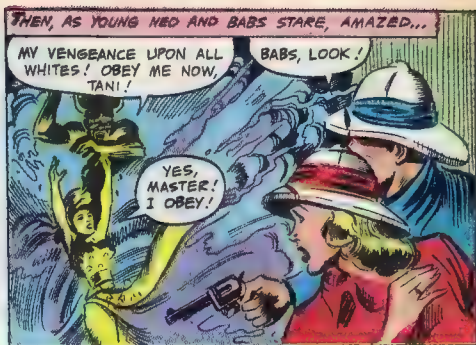
THERE SHE IS, BABS! COME ON!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! WE WON'T HURT YOU!

NED! NED!





FROZEN WITH HORROR YOUNG NED AND BABS STARE AT THE GRUESOME META-MORPHOSIS!



BABS AND NED STOOD IN TRANSFIXED TERROR-- AND IN AN INSTANT...



AND NOW, THERE IS ONLY THE RADIANCE OF THE AFRICAN MOON OF MAGIC, CASTING HER SILVER MANTLE OVER THE GRIM, GRISLY SCENE!

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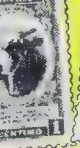
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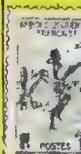
COSTA RICA—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the Central American Republic.



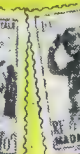
YUGOSLAVIA—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the Balkan Peninsula.



YUGOSLAVIA—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the Balkan Peninsula.



MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



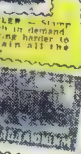
MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



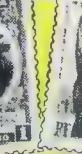
MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



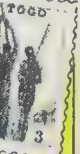
MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



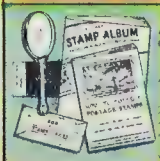
MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.



MADAGASCAR—This stamp shows a beautiful view of the island of Madagascar.

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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE DEFORMED OF ZOAR

The valley of Zoar, in the far reaches of Western New York, is so surrounded by high hills and forbidding rocks that its discoverers gave it a name from the Scriptures. They were a deeply religious group who had searched long and ardously for a place like it, and on first seeing it had said, "This is Zoar, the impregnable! From here we will never depart."

Among these early settlers in the strange valley were the people of a family named Wright. They were not troubled with the religious piety of the others that lived about them. They had no scruples against selling drink, and they did not mind the playing of cards and other forms of gambling that lasted until the wee hours of morning. Thus it was that their house became a sort of an inn for the infrequent travelers that occasionally reached the valley of Zoar.

It was some years later that an itinerant peddler passing through the valley on his way to Buffalo stopped at the Wright house for a night's lodging. He was a talkative fellow and was soon busily engaged telling of his experiences traveling throughout the state. Before he went to bed he incautiously opened his

of golden trinkets he was carrying with him. He also drew a large quantity of money from his pocket when he paid the fee for his lodging.

A little befuddled by the many drinks he had had during the course of the evening, he didn't see the dark looks passed between his hosts. A little later he lurched to his feet and staggered off to his room with but one thought in mind — to get to bed.

Hardly had he fallen asleep when his greedy hosts were in his room, searching for his money. So certain were they that he wouldn't wake that they threw caution to the winds. They were positive the liquor had done its work and that he would sleep soundly through the whole night. But they were mistaken. The peddler was a hardier character than they had judged and the noise of the search awakened him. Seeing his luggage and pockets being rifled he sprang from his bed and put up a fight.



A blow from the fist of one of his burly hosts sent him sprawling to the bottom of the stairs. The family, murder in

their eyes, closed around him and bound his arms and legs. Then they showed him the money they had taken and asked him where he had concealed the rest. His face filled with terror, the poor peddler swore that it was all he had.

The eldest of the Wrights struck the man across the face and insisted that he lied. Then, seizing a knife from the table, the evil Wright slashed off one of the frightened man's toes to make him confess.

Again the peddler swore he had no more money. And six more toes were cut off, three from each foot. Then the depraved Wrights chopped away his fingers, and the unhappy man was knocked on the head and flung through a trap-door into a shallow cellar.

The women shared in this work, and leaned forward to gaze into the cellar to see if he might yet be dead. While listening, they heard the dying man invoke the curse of heaven on them. In his last breath he asked that they should wear the mark of their crime upon them even to the fourth generation, by coming into the world deformed and mutilated as he was then.

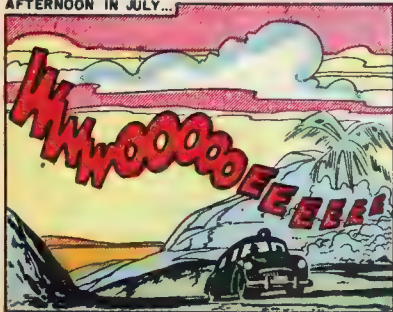
And so it came to pass. The next child born in that house had round, hoof-like feet, with only two toes, and hands that tapered from the wrists into a single finger. In time there were twenty people so deformed in the valley; "the crab-clawed Zoarites" they were called. And so you may see them to this day.

OUT OF THE FROZEN WASTES IT CAME, THIS CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THIS NIGHTMARISH HORROR THAT HAD BEEN EMBEDDED IN A BLOCK OF ICE---TO WREAK ITS REVENGE ON THE MORTAL WHO HAD VIOLATED ITS REPOSE! AND NOTHING IN *THIS* WORLD COULD STOP IT...EXCEPT THE FINAL DEATH OF ITS VICTIM!

The CURSE of the BULAGA!



IT HAPPENED IN A SOUTHERN CITY WHERE THE TEMPERATURE NEVER WENT BELOW 70°. THIS FIENDISH SET OF EVENTS THAT WERE TO BRING HORROR AND FRIGHT TO GRIM OFFICIALS! IT HAPPENED ONE AFTERNOON IN JULY...



THE SQUAD CARS ARRIVED AT A STATELY MANSION NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY. NO SOONER HAD THE INSPECTOR AND HIS MEN GOTTEN OUT THAN THEY WERE MET BY GRIM POLICE...





LOOK! EVERYTHING'S
FROZEN--IN--
IN THE MIDDLE
OF JULY!

GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S A FREAK
OF NATURE!
HOW CAN
SUCH A
THING
HAPPEN?

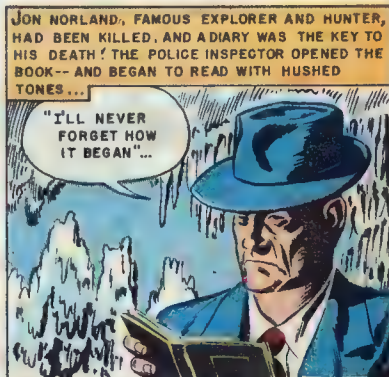


I DON'T KNOW--BUT
IF WE'RE TO BELIEVE
WHAT HE--MR. NORLAND--
WOULD HAVE US
BELIEVE, THEN
IT'S INCREDIBLE!

HIS BODY
IS FROZEN,
TOO! SGT--
I STILL
DON'T KNOW
WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!



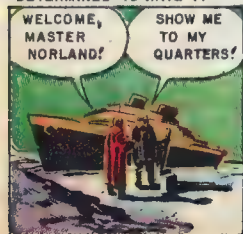
SIR... JON NORLAND
HAS BEEN **MURDERED**!
HIS THROAT WAS
RIPPED OUT BY
SOMEONE--SOME-
THING--HE EXPLAINS
IT HERE IN THIS
DIARY WE FOUND
ON THE TABLE!



JON NORLAND, FAMOUS EXPLORER AND HUNTER,
HAD BEEN KILLED, AND A DIARY WAS THE KEY TO
HIS DEATH! THE POLICE INSPECTOR OPENED THE
BOOK--AND BEGAN TO READ WITH HUSHED
TONES...

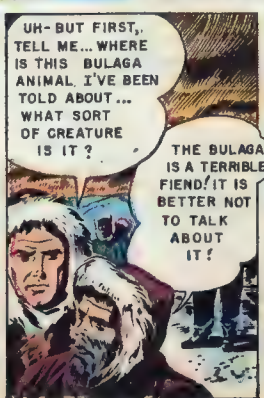
"I'LL NEVER
FORGET HOW
IT BEGAN"...

"I HAD BEEN BORED FOR
SOME TIME, A FAMOUS HUNTER
LEFT WITH NOTHING TO HUNT!
EVERY ANIMAL HAD FALLEN
UNDER MY BULLETS! THEN
WHEN I HEARD OF THE
LEGENDARY BULAGA BEAST
OF ANTARCTICA, I WAS
DETERMINED TO HAVE IT--"



WELCOME,
MASTER
NORLAND!

SHOW ME
TO MY
QUARTERS!



UH--BUT FIRST,
TELL ME... WHERE
IS THIS BULAGA
ANIMAL I'VE BEEN
TOLD ABOUT...
WHAT SORT
OF CREATURE
IS IT?

THE BULAGA
IS A TERRIBLE
FIEND! IT IS
BETTER NOT
TO TALK
ABOUT
IT!



HERE, ALTHEA...
SHOW MR. NORLAND
TO HIS ROOM! THIS
IS MY DAUGHTER,
SIR! HURRY,
GIRL--!

YES,
FATHER!
THIS
WAY,
SIR!

"I NOTICED EVERYONE HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED AT THE MENTION OF THE BULAGA. I KNEW IT WOULD BE USELESS TO PUMP THEM-- BUT THE GIRL MIGHT TELL, IF PROPERLY MANAGED..."

HMM-- I'LL PLAY THIS CAREFULLY... IS THERE ANY ENTERTAINMENT HERE?

YES, SIR, WE LISTEN TO THE VIL-LAGE MUSIC, AND...

"ALL I HAD LEARNED WAS THAT THE BEAST HAD LONG BEEN EXTINCT-- BUT WHENEVER IT WANTED PREY, IT WOULD BE SEEN AT NIGHT. I REINTENSIFIED MY FLIRTATION WITH THE GIRL..."



NO-- I MEAN FOR SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. HAVE YOU NO BOYFRIEND?

N-NO... HERE IN ANTARCTICA THAT IS ARRANGED BY OUR FAMILIES. I HAVE NOT DESIRED ONE... UP TILL NOW...



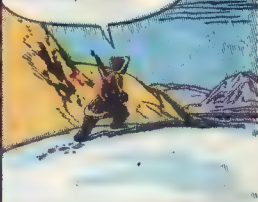
DON'T YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU OUT OF THIS PLACE? JUST TELL ME WHERE IT IS! ONCE I FIND IT, WE'LL LEAVE!

OH, JON... ALL RIGHT! I'LL SHOW YOU!



"I KNEW NOW IT WAS A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL THE GIRL WOULD TELL ME ALL I WANTED TO KNOW. NEXT MORNING, HOWEVER, I DECIDED TO SEE IF I COULD FIND THIS BEAST ON MY OWN..."

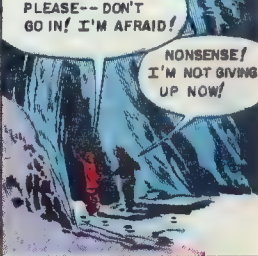
BAH! NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING FOR HOURS, AND NOW IT'S GETTING DARK.



"AT LAST MY PLAY-ACTING HAD WORKED. THE NEXT DAY WE STARTED OUT TO FIND THE BULAGA. HOURS LATER, WE HAD REACHED A HUGE, WEIRD CAVE..."

HERE IT IS, JON... PLEASE-- DON'T GO IN! I'M AFRAID!

NONSENSE! I'M NOT GIVING UP NOW!



THERE! THERE IS THE BULAGA! IT CANNOT BE KILLED! NOTHING CAN KILL IT!

GOOD HEAVENS!



ONE GLANCE AT IT SHOWED ME THAT THERE WAS NOTHING LIKE IT IN CREATION! I WENT UP CLOSER TO EXAMINE IT. NOW I WAS MORE THAN EVER DETERMINED TO MOUNT IT IN MY COLLECTION..."

THERE IS A LEGEND ABOUT IT, JON! IT KILLS THOSE WHO DISTURB IT!



VILLAGE SUPERSTITION, AGAIN! I'M GOING TO FREE THIS ANIMAL, ALTHEA! IT'S GOING IN MY COLLECTION!

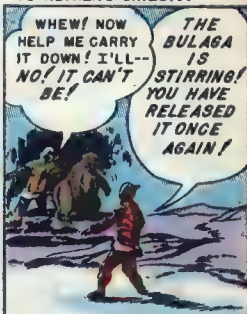
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING!



I HACKED THE ICE FROM THE WEIRD, DISTORTED SHAPE OF THE ANIMAL BEFORE ME, DEAF TO ALTHEA'S CRIES..."

WHEW! NOW HELP ME CARRY IT DOWN! I'LL-- NO! IT CAN'T BE!

THE BULAGA IS STIRRING! YOU HAVE RELEASED IT ONCE AGAIN!



I--I DON'T BELIEVE IT! NOTHING COULD BE CLOSED UP IN THAT ICE AND LIVE! IT--IT'S NOT ALIVE AS WE KNOW LIFE!

RUN, JON-- RUN!!

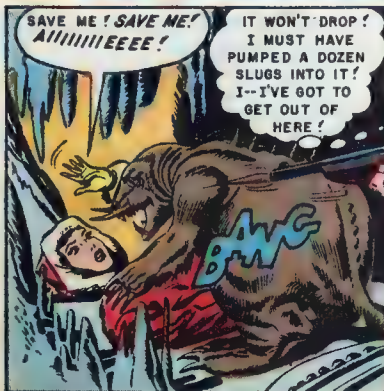


IT GLARED AT ME WITH INTENSE HATE, THEN IT OPENED ITS EYES!! THEY WERE THE EYES OF HELL! SUDDENLY, IT SPRANG ON THE GIRL..."



SAVE ME! SAVE ME! AIIIIIIIEEEE!

IT WON'T DROP! I MUST HAVE PUMPED A DOZEN SLUGS INTO IT! I--I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



"I RAN BACK TO THE VILLAGE!
WHAT I HAD SEEN WOULD
REMAIN FOREVER IN MY MIND!
NIGHT GAVE, AND THEN I
KNEW I HAD TO GO BACK!"



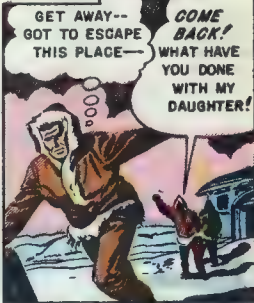
I'VE GOT TO SEE
WHAT HAPPENED!
I MUST--OR I'LL
GO MAD!

"ONCE AGAIN, I MADE MY WAY
THROUGH THE FROZEN TUNDRA
AND ENTERED THE CAVE. WHAT
GREETED MY EYES WAS HORROR
BEYOND COMPARE!"



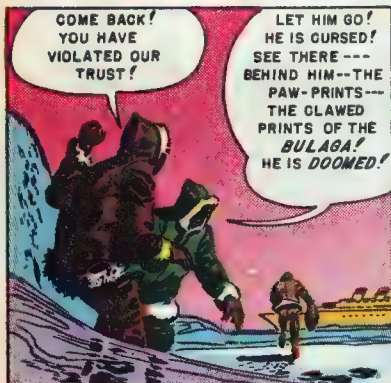
NO! SHE'S BEEN
PLACED IN THE
NICHE OF THE
BULAGA! SHE'S
FROZEN SOLID!
YAAAAAAAH!

"SOMEHOW, I FOUND MYSELF
BACK IN MY ROOM! THEN, AFTER
PACKING MY THINGS, I WAS
RUNNING TOWARDS THE DOCKED
STEAMER..."



GET AWAY--
GOT TO ESCAPE
THIS PLACE--

COME
BACK!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
WITH MY
DAUGHTER!



COME BACK!
YOU HAVE
VIOLATED OUR
TRUST!

LET HIM GO!
HE IS CURSED!
SEE THERE ---
BEHIND HIM--THE
PAW-PRINTS---
THE CLAWED
PRINTS OF THE
BULAGA!
HE IS DOOMED!

"I RAN TO MY STATEROOM AND BOLTED THE
DOOR. I WATCHED THE SHORE SLOWLY RECEDING,
AND ONLY THEN DID I FEEL RELIEVED..."

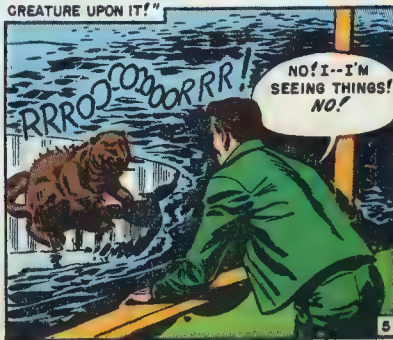


I'M LEAVING! I'VE
ESCAPED THAT--THAT
THING FOR GOOD!



HA, HA--- I'VE ESCAPED!
NO MORE HUNTING FOR ME!
HA! HA!---WAIT 'TIL THE
BOYS IN THE EXPLORER'S
CLUB HEAR ABOUT THIS!
THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE
IT! HA, HA...

"THE SHIP REACHED THE STATES AND WAS MAKING
ITS WAY INTO HARBOR WHEN I FIRST NOTICED THE
SMALL ICE-FLOE NEARBY--AND THE AWFUL
CREATURE UPON IT!"



RRROOOOORRR!

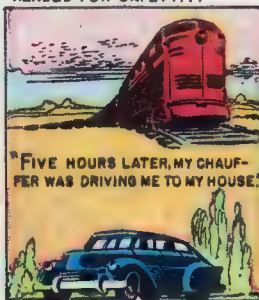
NO! I--I'M
SEEING THINGS!
NO!

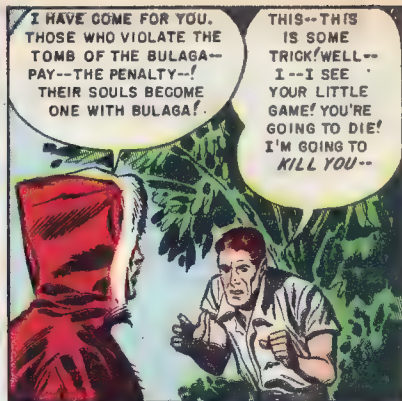
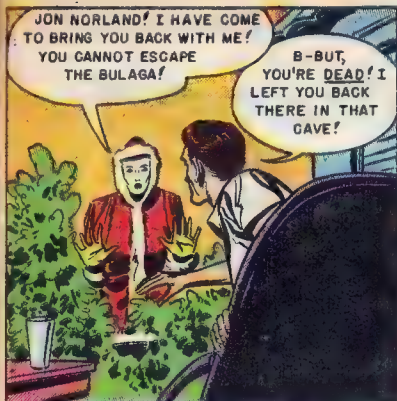


"I HIT THE WATER AND PLUNGED INTO ITS DEPTHS. THE STEAMER SUDDENLY BROKE APART, WEIGHED DOWN BY ICE --- AND SANK!"

"I MANAGED TO CLIMB UP WITH-OUT ANYONE NOTICING ME. AN HOUR LATER, I WAS ON A TRAIN HEADED FOR SAFETY..."

"I DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG. I TOOK ALL MY SECURITIES AND FLEW SOUTH. I BOUGHT A HAND-SOME MANSION IN A CLIMATE THAT NEVER WENT BELOW 70° I WOULD NEVER GO NORTH AGAIN!"





"I WANTED TO CHOKE HER--THROTTLE HER WITH MY BARE HANDS. AS I TOUCHED HER WHITE THROAT--A TERRIBLE MOCKING LAUGH BURST FORTH FROM HER LIPS, AND SHE CHANGED INTO --BULAGA!"

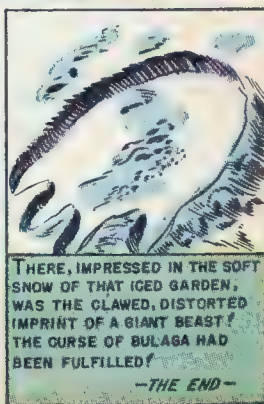
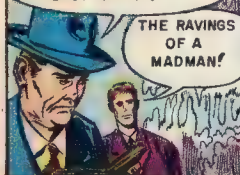


"I TRIED TO KEEP THOSE DEADLY FANGS FROM MY OWN THROAT. IT WAS NO USE! A SHARP, TEARING PAIN CAUSED ME TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS. WHEN I CAME TO, BULAGA WAS OVER ME, FADING AWAY LIKE AN EVIL APPARITION, LAUGHING--ALWAYS LAUGHING..."



"I DRAGGED MYSELF TO MY STUDY AND OPENED THE LAST PAGE OF MY DIARY. I HAD TO TELL OTHERS OF THE BEAST--TO GET THEM TO KILL IT, SOMEHOW..."

"TO DESTROY IT FOREVER. LEST ANOTHER MORTAL LOSE HIS SOUL! NOW I'M GROWING WEAK---I CAN'T BREATHE ANYMORE..." THAT WAS HIS LAST ENTRY!



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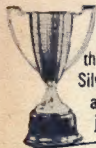
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Roger D. Hirsch

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6 ft.
weakling
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AT HIM
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Aren't YOU as SICK and Tired as I was
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skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
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